

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning-Evening-Sunday

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DECEMBER 1, 1921

THE MOTHERS' PLEDGE.

The two war mothers who officially represented this country and Great Britain at the burial of the Unknown Soldier have united in this pledge.

"I pledge myself with all my heart and soul that so long as I live I will never raise my hand again to assist any armed conflict between nations."

The startling declaration is a call to the women of the world to unite against the sufferings borne by these women whose sons went to unknown graves, sacrificed to the demon war.

The wide dissemination of such a pledge might bring about the one essential for all disarmament, the disarmament of minds which think in terms of wars, expect wars, plan for wars and end by obtaining wars.

The influence of women upon the fate of civilization is always paramount—but the declaration of these two mothers will surprise even the most ardent advocates of peace.

It is the same pledge for which some five hundred young men went to prison as conscientious objectors during the war when these misguided youths, who declared that they would neither fight nor help any nation engaged in war, brought upon themselves the penalties for failure to meet plain duties.

If these mothers can join with them a sufficient number of other women who hate wars in a demand that the statesmen of the world find some means of avoiding wars by peaceful settlements and not armed conflict, they will succeed.

A strike of all women against wars would probably be forgotten if some nation is unfortunate enough to permit its government to once again ravage every ideal and every decency and attempt to dominate a world by force.

The result aimed at in the pledge can be better served by turning the thoughts of the world toward the cure for war—which is thinking peace, asking peace, demanding peace.

The men who now meet behind locked doors and consider their words too important for the ears of men and women whose lives and comfort may depend upon their decisions, will likely revise their methods and throw aside the secrecy which breeds wars when the mothers of future fighters demand that they seek real and lasting remedies, rather than mere expedients of policy.

As long as this government acquiesces in settlement of its affairs behind closed doors, as long as the people of Great Britain and Japan insist upon handling upon the number of battlefields they may have for future wars, the pledge is not likely to be effective.

The hour for the conscientious objector has not arrived. The time for an insistent demand for a real machine to end wars is here.

YOU, HE AND SHE.

The shifting of American women, from the home into business, has reached the point where there is one woman to every four men "earning their own living."

This is shown by an analysis of the latest reports covering the census taken in 1920.

With a total population of 105,708,771 men, women and children, the United States has 41,689,192 "gainfully employed." Of these, 8,469,207 are women.

Housewives—the hardest workers of all—are not included among those "gainfully employed." Probably this is because most of them work without gain, for love.

One of these days, housewives will be on salaries, with laws compelling husbands to give their wives a proper percentage of their earnings.

Early settlers of America made their living with ax, spade, hoe and gun. Time and a complex civilization have turned human economics into such an intricate machine that the majority of us have no clear conception of our relation to the whole works.

The one knows that it must click so many times a day. It doesn't see all the wheels. The face of the watch, with its moving hands, is the combined result of all the wheels. None of us gets a good idea of what the hands are registering. It takes the perspective of centuries to determine just how much the watch is deviating from correct time.

Our system of economics is intricate, yet simple. Think of it in terms of 196 people instead of nearly 106,000,000, and it works like this in rough figures:

Thirteen working in manufacturing industries.
Eleven growing food and forests.
Four acting as salesmen.
Three doing special "personal service."
Three keeping the records.
Three providing transportation.
Two serving as doctors, dentists, lawyers, etc.
One mining and preparing minerals.
One in public service.

That accounts for 41 "gainfully employed." The rest of the 196 are keeping house, going to school, idling, or segregated under lock and key.

Multiply the above figures by 1,000,000 and you have, roughly, figures for our whole population.

Where is it all leading us? If you could come back 1,000 or even 500 years hence, what would life be like?

Probably you would find a city of big buildings, each with its kitchen, housecleaners and nurseries for many families. Plenty of apartments already have the germ of this idea.

Future civilization will have a system so complicated that the best auditor of 1921 could not grasp its workings.

THE FATE OF CRUSADERS.

The prohibition party disbands and goes out of existence—its end the result of its own success.

Its fate is the usual one of the crusader. His ideal triumph but he is given no share of the honor or the power that makes them effective.

A quarter of a century ago the members of this party were looked upon as fanatics, the butt of jokes, the target for sarcasm and smiles.

Their numbers were few, but they held to their cause with the tenacity that refused to be dismayed as year after year they saw their votes at the polls negligible in number and their candidates always and ever defeated.

stance some one of their number obtained an official standing from which to carry on the crusade—but these elections were hardly ever because of ardent enthusiasts for their cause but the result of mixed motives and political mistakes of the dominant parties.

They made no votes, but they did make sentiment.

Their zeal for their cause was carried into the older parties, and their educational efforts taught the boys and girls of the early 90's to despise the saloon and to look upon it as a menace.

They furnished the voice for the growing sentiment which was sponsored in the W. C. T. U. and the Good Templar lodges which once flourished in every hamlet in the country districts.

They saw their cause triumph suddenly and amazingly. But in that hour of triumph none of the men who had allied themselves with the political party which espoused it helped to make it an accomplished fact.

The fact is not unusual. The crusaders for woman suffrage are quite likely to be forgotten when woman realizes the full results of that great reform.

The great antagonists of slavery were missing from the dramatic moments when slavery ended.

Every step in progress demands two types of mind—the enthusiast who is filled with the zeal of his cause, and the cold, calculating executive type which enacts.

The prohibition party served its purpose and served it well. It implanted its sentiments in the hearts of the people. It did not die. It was not killed. It simply passed when it had achieved full and complete success and is no longer necessary.

A TAXLESS CITY.

There will be no more taxes in Long Beach, Calif., say the news dispatches. An oil gusher has been struck on city property and its revenues will be more than sufficient to run the government, provide for improvements, and pay all the bills.

Advocates of the single tax theory of taxation will find in this municipal phenomenon new arguments for their theory that all cities should really be taxless and pay dividends to citizens, rather than to require contributions.

They will point to the fact that every city has great social values which are now in the hands of individuals but which, they assert, are the result of the toll of generations and maintained by the common labor of all citizens.

The oil well at Long Beach happened to be on a bit of property too poor and undesirable to pay taxes and was taken over from its original owners for failure to pay assessments for improvements.

Had it remained in private hands, the oil would have gone to its owners or his heirs, quite likely in that city to live in Europe or some far distant state; men who had made no direct contribution to the growth and building of the city other than the investment of a few dollars.

That oil well makes the property valuable—but with all its gushing wealth less valuable than a similar plot would be on the corner of Forty-second and Broadway in New York or State and Madison in Chicago.

The value at Long Beach comes from beneath the surface. The values of the other plots in the great cities come from the fact that millions of people must pass these corners daily in their regular business, creating values by merely living near them.

It required no special genius or thought on the part of the original owners of these corners to make them valuable. The values are not created by the great buildings now erected upon them. These could be torn down—and they are torn down and replaced with larger ones about every ten years—and the land values would still remain.

There are sources of wealth that have as yet been untapped or traced to their original causes.

Not every city has oil gushers beneath its soil. But every city has communal values quite as rich and some day, perhaps, in a changing system which already includes income taxes, inheritance taxes and other so-called socialist theories, there will come the time when cities as a whole will take stock of their real assets.

Taxless cities may, in time become the rule, not the exception.

Our last criticism of these one-piece bathing suits is they don't make good winter underwear.

Looks like the world will be destroyed by the price of fire.

Listen, young lady, don't cry for a man; smiling for one is quicker.

Other Editors Than Ours

LIMITS ON LEARNING.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

We are probably destined until time ends to hear conflicts of opinion on the respective merits of the large college and the small college, using the word in its general sense, by the way, since nowadays scarce any college is too humble to call itself a university. As a general rule, the discussion has been confined to the advocates of the smaller colleges, who insist that in them only lies salvation, while the advocates of the larger college have said very little in rebuttal, being mostly pretty well satisfied with themselves.

The Harvard Alumni Bulletin says that classes are getting entirely too large at Cambridge, and it views this with alarm. There are many who believe, says the article, that the large lecture course has been a weak feature of American university education because it precludes personal contact between the professor and his students and means that the follow-up work must be left to "immature" assistants.

That point is well taken, as those who have attended a large university will at once realize. Such persons will know the illustrious professor who is in charge of a large course, and they will know his "immature" assistants (the word disparaging is the Alumni Bulletin's, not ours). They will know it all, especially with regard to undergraduate courses. They will know that the more illustrious the professor the less he will be interested year after year in reading the same lecture to succeeding classrooms of undergraduates, and the more will he show it. And they will know how valiantly and earnestly, but, without, how hopelessly, the fledgling instructors assigned as his assistants do battle with undergraduate indifference about every phase of the whole matter except getting through with a pass.

The Alumni Bulletin does not suggest a remedy. Neither do we. The working out of this problem will have to be left to the world of higher education. If that world does not believe it is a pressing problem, we wish it would accept the assurance of the Bulletin and ourselves to the contrary. The problem is largely limited to undergraduate courses in the arts. Scientific and graduate courses take care of themselves. Unless our universities want to take all the quickening spirit out of education in the classics and reduce it to the dead letter of learning, they had better find some new way of handling large classes and crowded lecture courses.

BUYING.
(Cleveland Press.)

Railroads in the last month have bought \$50,000,000 worth of new rails and equipment. They are making inquiries for additional orders on a huge scale.

This interests steel manufacturers, who think the next buying movement in steel will start with a flood of railroad purchases, some setting the spring of 1922 as the date.

It interests the rest of us, because, so goes steel industry, so goes general prosperity.

The Tower of Babel

Bill Armstrong

THE PILL TAKING AGE.

What kind of pills are you taking these days? It seems that everyone is taking pills, to get thin or get fat, to become beautiful or to become youthful—there appears to be pills designed to cure all ills. A modern lady takes pills for a few weeks to get fat, and about the time her testimonial is published in the daily paper telling how she increased her weight from 52 pounds to 225 pounds with two boxes of the Little Wonder Pills, she has to start in taking pills to get thin again. There is no such thing as a happy medium for the pill taker.

Then after they have taken fat and thin pills for months, running their weight back and forth like you would run the scale on the piano, they hold on to the middle—there is no such thing as a happy medium for the pill taker. The photograph method is next. The photograph tells them how to get fat or thin to music. We suppose after awhile, the photograph method will get laid on the shelf in the same way the pill taking is finally abandoned. Inasmuch, if you can, a fat lady rolling on a barrel to get thin, keeping time to a march record by Sousa's band at a cost of \$500 per night!

Pills are being devised for all sorts of things. Judging from the advertisements we see in the papers, two or three days of pill taking of the right kind will make you climb tall buildings, start in on a program of acrobatics that will astound the natives, and perform many other stunts you never thought of performing before. Some day they will have pills for landlords, taken for the purpose of making them easier on their tenants. There'll be pills to make it possible for you to evade traffic cops. This is the pill taking age. You can do anything now, if you take the right kind of pills.

Local merchants, who are sore at the weather man, think the slogan

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The terrible Turk, we are told, Was modest and gentle and shy. By the kindest of instinct controlled, The day that his country went dry.

But as soon as the Prophet Mohammed had banned All drink with a kick as unlawful, And barrooms were banished all over the land,

The Ottoman's conduct was awful. The Russians, observers declare, Were always light-hearted and gay, Misconduct among them was rare,

They drank vodka and drank away. The moment, however, that Russia went dry

The cruellest impulses stirred 'er. And now she awakens the echoing sky

With riot and bloodshed and murder. This data would lead one to think

That people whose natures are mild, As soon as deprived of their drink Forthwith become savage and wild.

We say in our haste, "When the booze is served out, With quite unrestricted profusion, It puts all the violent passions to rout."

But that's a mistaken conclusion. It's not that all hootch is suppressed, As ill-informed students assert, That rouses the peacefullest breast

To acts that are sadly over; It isn't abstemious that makes men so rough,

Or savage or al or frisky; It merely is a too much of the stuff

That the boot "sells 'em for whisky!"

Perilous Outlook.

What are we going to do for wheat and cornfields when the country becomes one continuous golf course?

Severing an Ancient Tie.

Lewis Carroll's combination of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax will soon have to be broken up. Shoes and sealing wax are valuable.

Almost Qualified.

Maybe Mars can get John Barleycorn to propose him for membership in the Down and Out Club.

Save 1-3 to 1-2

Factory Blemished

SHOES, \$1.95 Up

Men's, Women's, Children's

Fine Makes—Satisfaction

Guaranteed or Money Back

U. S. ARMY STORE

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Well Known

SOUTH BEND MEN

who own

South Bend Watches

122—FRANK S. THORPE, Local

Representative of B. F. Good-

rich Company; Member of

Kiwanis Club and B. P. O. E.

You, too, should boost South Bend by

wearing a South Bend Watch

FUN IN MISHAWAKA.

Mishawaka, Ind., Nov. 29, 1921. Dear Bill—The following is respectfully dedicated to

"HIZZONER"

Mishawaka's Talking Mayor. (With apologies to Mother Goose and the rest of the Geese).

There was a man in our town Who thought him wondrous wise.

He ran for office full three times Till the voters ope'd his eyes.

He figured up their taxes, Oh! he did it in a walk. But all that he convinced them

Was that he could talk, talk, talk.

So when the people cast their votes, And they were requested every one

A much surprise-ed man was he For he found that he was done!

So let this be a warning to All politicians who would balk

At ever doing anything But spend their time in talk, talk, talk.

—LOCOM.

VERSE O' CHEER

By Edgar L. Jones

VACATION.

The greatest boyhood joy I know Was when the days of school were thru

And we were free. What greater joy Was ever known to girl or boy

Than when they turned the school door key

And set the shrieking youngsters free?

The last few weeks seemed like a year To me. The world so full of cheer.

Outside, the flowers all abloom The fragrant breath of their perfume

Kept coaxing me to steal away From school and work to romp and play.

There I would sit with mind afar, Out where the joys of nature are

Just dreaming of the joy I'd find When cares of school were left behind.

Neglected, there, my books would lay While I dreamed study hours away.

Yet today the selfsame joy I knew when I was but a boy

Come over me the time of year Vacation time is drawing near.

Joy, to ramble off somewhere Away from work and worldly care.

—EDGAR L. JONES.

STATE LOAN CO.

Capital \$50,000.00.

HOLIDAYS

are near. Buy now. Get first choice of merchandise—avoid the rush—more time for inspection—and more satisfactory bargains. We will furnish the money and you pay us nothing until January, 1922. Main 1236

State Loan Co.

Established 1905

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711-712 Studebaker Bldg., South Bend, Ind.

Friday Morning Specials

8:30 to 12:00

Middies \$1.95

Both white and colors, all sizes, originally \$2.50.

Silk Vests \$3.00

15 slightly soiled vests, originally \$3.45, \$3.75 values.

Shop early—20 days more

Friday Morning Specials

8:30 to 12:00

Chamoisette Gloves 75c

White chamoisette gloves, \$1.00 value.

Silk Camisoles 95c

Strap top camisoles of jersey, trimmed in lace. Now \$1.59.

Wymman's Christmas Suggestions

A store of a thousand useful gifts

Store Open Until 6 P. M.

THE STORE OF A THOUSAND USEFUL GIFTS.

Santa Claus will be here tomorrow (Friday, the 2nd,) and every boy and girl who can get down to Wymman's is invited to come and see him. At four o'clock he will drive up in his Light Six Studebaker and go in the front entrance to the window where you can all see him and say—

Hello Santa!

All the way from the North Pole Jolly Old Santa Claus has traveled to be with South Bend kiddies every afternoon at 4:00 to 4:30 and Saturdays at 7:30 to 8:00 through the next three weeks. Every one of the boys and girls should see him at least once before he starts out on Christmas Eve to deliver his gifts.

In Wyman's Toyland

In the Daylight Basement

there are toys, and toys and more toys—just every kind of a toy Santa ever invented. And of every kind of toy there are both cheaper and more expensive ones.

Dolls, Ever so Many

Trains, 'n Tracks

that vary in size from a tiny three inch doll to a big doll that is almost life size. They have bisque heads, composition heads or rag heads with painted or real hair wigs. Some of them open and shut their eyes, some of them talk, some of them walk. They vary in price from 25c to \$14.50.

an' everything to make a miniature railroad, either wind-up or electrical. Bridges \$1.00 to \$1.75, stations \$1.50 to \$5.00, tunnels 65c to \$2.00, semaphores \$1.25, arc lights \$1.75, freight cars 35c and 75c, passenger cars 35c and 75c.

To Play House With

there are real little houses all furnished. You can get furniture by set or by the piece, doll's ready-to-wear and laundry sets at \$1.25, \$1.75, \$3.75, or clothes lines, wringers, baskets, stoves, tub and board, boiler, etc. separately. Cooking dishes of aluminum at 50c to \$1.50, tea sets at 25c to \$5.00—ever so many other things that keep little girls happy and busy.

Out of Doors Toys—

like Kites at 5c and 10c, and shovels 15c to 50c, water sprinklers 50c to .75c, skates \$2.95, Kiddie Cars \$1.39 to \$4.50, Velocipedes \$2.95 to \$19.50, Ice Skates \$2.75, Sleds \$1.75 to \$5.00.

Little Girls May Get McCall 'Printed' Patterns for Their Dolls

They are exactly like the regular McCall